

EMIGRÉ



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EMIGRE

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Publishers:

RUDY VANDERLANS Art Director

MARC SUSAN Editor

MENNO MEYJES Color

Assistant Editor:

DIANE JULIA OLBERG

Special thanks to:

KAREN KEENAN

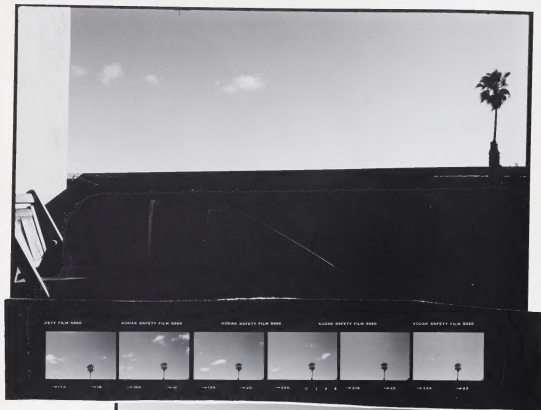
NANCY WYNANDS

BARBARA WYETH

TOM AKAWIE

JAN KODWIJ

DENI WOHLGEMUTH

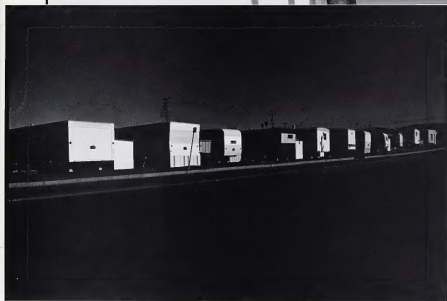


View from balcony, Oakland



Venice Beach

Aut off Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles



Trailer park, Santa Bay



Somewhere in Angeles



Tiny Nipples on Sunset and La Brea



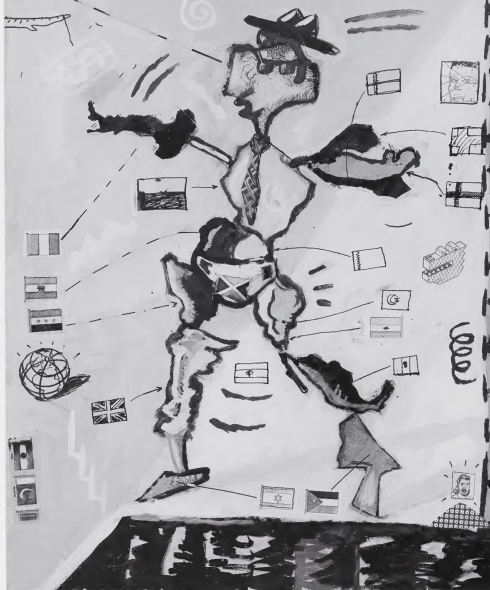


Liquor store on San Pablo, downtown Oakland

Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn as Sunset

Sorry folks, no dogs, horses, cows or children, beach Santa Monica

IMMIGRANT X



JOHN HERSEY

SUMO



The Sport of Major Proportions

by Terry Trucco

Shortly after I moved to Tokyo, I encountered my first genuine sumo groupie. She was a British lady, "neither young nor beautiful," to use her own description, and her devotion was absolute. She had recently moved to a tiny three-room apartment in Tokyo's Ryogoku district, known here as Sumo City, to be near the "stables"—large slat-windowed buildings that serve as combinations of dorms, gyms and cafeterias. This is where the wrestlers live and grapple. On any given day the big men with the bulging bellies can be seen waddling down the streets, wrapped in long blue-and-white kimonos, their long hair caught in neat little knots atop their heads.

My friend's apartment was an exercise in sumo decor; paintings and prints of wrestlers graced the walls. The teacup she handed me was tattooed with the image of Takanosato, one of wrestling's men of the moment. For background listening, we heard ceremonial sumo drum beats taped during a tournament. And for sustenance, we supped on *chanko nabe*, the hearty sumo stew—surprisingly low in calories—wrestlers down by the gallon to build brawn (vast quantities of beer and rice help round out the classic silhouette).

I cheerfully deemed my friend a true British eccentric. That was a year and a half ago. I still don't live in Ryogoku, and I'll pass on the drum beats. But the behavior that once struck me as so extreme seems, well, sensible. I'm a sumo fan, and some of my happiest moments in Japan have been spent plopped before a television set, drinking in every move these mightors make.

Sumo is the sport of major proportions, as the foreign fans here like to call it. Few sports offer so much. In the course of an upper division tournament, or *basho* as they're called, you see flashes of color, ritual and superhuman discipline, of suspense, dedication and exquisite athleticism. There is triumph and tragedy, joy and sorrow, the traditional and the modern. Sumo is a microcosm of Japan and a glimpse of the human condition. It is also great fun. Exotic. Against the grain. In an era when athletes tend to be mean and lean, sumo wrestlers are mean and fat. Every sport has elements of the sublime and the ridiculous; sumo just seems to have more.

I follow the gossip. I knew all about Wakanohana's marital problems, how he abandoned his wife to take up with a bar hostess who did not hesitate to present him with an heir. And I reveled in the news of Chiyo-onofuji's marriage, sumo's wedding of the year. (Chiyo, as he is called, is sumo's equivalent of a matinee idol; when his engagement was announced, women all over Japan were heartbroken).

I know the statistics. Sumo has helped me master the metric system since I've spent so many hours translating kilograms into pounds. The heaviest man in the top division is Takamiyama—205 kilograms, or 452 lbs., which somehow sounds heavier. He is also sumo's oldest wrestler—he's pushing 40—and its tallest—6 feet, 3¼ inches. He is not, however, its best. Little Chiyo, "just" 6 feet tall and 260 lbs. can lick any of the big beefies, providing a charming David-and-Goliath quality. And Kitanoumi, a sociable giant who at 366 lbs. vaguely resembles a brontosaurus, is one of sumo's all-time greats. Now on the brink of retirement (at 30 he seems old and tired), he has won a grand total of 742 fights (and lost just 216). That's five or six matches short of the record.

I play favorites, too. I love to hate a big brute known as Asashio, who is so fat he can barely touch the ground in the traditional sumo warm-up. Asashio, who wins a lot of fights, is from central Japan and attended a school called Kinki University, a nice touch.

Perhaps sumo's finest quality is the window it provides on Japan. If football serves up great insights into the American character, sumo, in what is probably the world's most insular, homogeneous nation, is a cultural textbook. An introduction to sumo is an introduction to Japan.

Like most things Japanese, sumo is steeped in tradition with its origins buried neatly in the past. Known as the sport of emperors, it traces its immediate rules and rituals to the 16th century although sumo in some form has existed here for millennia. While the referees sport 16th-century kimonos that make them look like little clowns, the wrestling garb hails from the prehistoric warring days—a bright-colored silk loincloth garnished with neatly starched streamers is all that stands between these massive men and nudity.

In typical Japanese fashion, sumo is for Japanese, and the occasional foreigner who wriggles into the ranks is looked upon with curiosity and amusement, almost like some sort of zoo creature. The mighty Takamiyama, who is Hawaiian, is sumo's most famous foreigner (when he won a tournament a decade ago, then-president Nixon sent him a congratulatory telegram). As in Japan itself, foreigners are welcome provided not too many come and their stay is short. (*Gaijin*, the Japanese word for foreigner, literally means outsider.)

Like the Japanese national character, sumo comprises many layers of meaning. The actual fights are superficially simple to grasp—usually over within seconds, the fight ends when one of these behemoths unbalances his opponent. Yet the subtleties are staggering. As with so much in Japan, the initial simplicity is misleading.

Sumo provides a few fascinating contradictions, too. In a land where the group is elevated and the individual scorned, sumo is fought one-on-one. There are no sumo "teams."

But like Japan, sumo is mindful of its feudalistic past. It is built around an unbending hierarchical structure. Its "warfare" is strict and controlled. Perhaps this is what sumo best represents—in sumo we can sometimes glimpse the last of the samurai.



T O R Q U E

JACQUES OVERHOFF

PROJECT Autoplaça Sculpture Project 1979 - 1981 **SCULPTOR** Jacques Overhoff **LOCATION/SITE** Autoplaça, Hilltop, City of Richmond, California
PROGRAM 40 ft. Landscape Symbol **STRUCTURAL SYSTEM** Precast, Cast-in-Place, Post-Tensioned Structure **MAJOR MATERIALS** Concrete, Structural Steel Reinforcement, Ceramic Tiles **MEASUREMENT FEATURES** The architectural sculpture extends over 40 ft. above the average elevation of the plaza. It is made up of 12 conventionally reinforced precast lightweight concrete elements weighing 10 tons each **STRUCTURAL FEATURES** The sections step down from the central "torsion axis" held together with a top and bottom post-tensioned internal steel cable to transfer lateral connections for seismic motion. Foundations and buttresses are cast in place with conventional reinforcements **PUBLIC FEATURES** The sculpture is surrounded by a landscaped area for public use. It is a monumental landmark and the area is used for special civic events and outdoor performances **DEVELOPER** Chevron Land and Development Company **GENERAL CONTRACTORS** Jacques Overhoff & Associates **CONSULTANTS** T.Y. Lin International, Structural Engineers / Peter Greenwood, Project Engineer / McKee-Blynd Architectural Team San Francisco, California **OWNER** City of Richmond, California



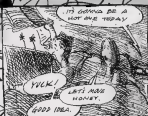
SUNDIAL

JACQUES OVERHOFF

PROJECT Sundial Plaza, Ridgetop Park 1977 - 1978 **SCULPTOR** Jacques Overhoff **LOCATION/SITE** Hunter's Point/Bayview San Francisco, California **PROGRAM** 60 ft x 75 ft Landscape Symbol **STRUCTURAL SYSTEM** 75 ft Cantilevered Steel Gnomon Set in Concrete Base (Plaza) **MAJOR MATERIALS** Precast Concrete, Granite, Steel **TIMING FEATURE** The sunlight strikes the upper edge of the steel dial. The shadow reads out Pacific Standard Time and Daylight Savings Time on the edge of the 72 ft plaza, which records the time at five minute intervals **STRUCTURAL FEATURES** The dial (gnomon) is 75 ft long. The 10-ton steel indicator cantilevers 60 ft above the plaza from its concrete base **PUBLIC FEATURES** The Sundial Plaza provides seating in a wind-sheltered amphitheater area for public theatrical performances **DEVELOPER** San Francisco Redevelopment Agency **GENERAL CONTRACTORS** Jacques Overhoff & Associates **CONSULTANTS** Michael Painter & Associates, Landscape Architects, San Francisco / Chin & Hawest, Structural Engineers **OWNER** City and County of San Francisco, California

DOWN AND BACK

WORDS AND PICTURES
BY
WILLIAM CONE



SCREENPLAY

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

Screenplay by

MENNO MEYJES

*With soup wishes
and hopes for the
future.*

for [Signature]
1982

Producer: Susan Ingleby

First Draft
February 26, 1981

Property of:

Zoetrope Studios
916 Kearny Street
San Francisco, Calif.
94133

1040 N. Las Palmas Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif.
90038



(Another Angle)



\$17.10
170283



100 EXT. MAIN GATE PARIS - DAY

100

Outside the main gate dozens of destitute children clad in rags (the BEGGAR BOYS) lean against the wall of the city and beg for alms. Many of the Beggar Boys have curiously white complexions.

Amongst the Beggar Boys, two friends DAVID and LOUIS share a crust of bread. Louis' eyes are opaque with blindness.

LOUIS

What do you see, David?

DAVID

The usual... Oh, wait. Here is something interesting... I see a young knight with a Crusader's banner leading a white horse, and the most beautiful girl I have ever seen... and a boy with a magnificent falcon...

The Beggar Boys stare at the Children. David continues to describe them to Louis, who smiles and nods.

CUT TO

101 EXT. MAIN GATE - PARIS - DAY

101

Visibly disturbed by the sight of the BEGGAR BOYS, the CHILDREN enter the main gate.

(CONTINUED)

V95/A11

-49-

101 CONTINUED:

101

In the shadows stands a SINISTER FIGURE wrapped in a cloak. As he drops the cloak from his face, we see that it is the Tefour who was whipped by the Black Prince. He fingers the fresh scar on his cheek.

Near the main gate, TWO BOYS stand locked in a pillory that has been raised on a scaffold.

ROBERT sees the boys in the pillory and hands a piece of sausage to Odo who is in the saddle. Odo divides the sausage in two and leans over to the boys and feeds them.

BOYS

Thank you, Sir.

ROBERT

Tell me, has the English King passed this way?

BOY I

Yes, my Lord, about two months ago.

ROBERT

Do you know which road he took?

BOY II

The road to the south.

The crowds push the Children away from the pillory. Robert shouts over his shoulder at the boys.

ROBERT

Much obliged to you!!!

Shoulder to shoulder, the people of Paris pack the narrow streets. They wear ornate hats, shoes with pointed toes that curl all the way back to the ankle, and gowns lined with silk and fur.

In their black robes, scholars scurry like crows around a corpulent bishop dressed in layers of purple vestments.

The most outrageous costumes however are reserved for the arrogant PARISIAN NOBILITY who push and shove their way through the mob while SERVANTS carry their LADIES in litters.

From behind the curtains of one such litter, a YOUNG GIRL smiles coyly at Robert.

CUT TO

V95/A12

102 ANOTHER ANGLE

BLANCHE, jealous, frowns.

BLANCHE
Let's not stay long in this city.

ROBERT grins.

BLOWDEL
If I were to judge this place by its repugnant smell, I would say it is rotten to the core.

And indeed the majority of the PEOPLE press a piece of perfumed lace against their nose.

But by far the most disturbing feature of this tableau is the use of CHILDREN AS SLAVES. Everywhere from the retinues of the greatest nobles to stalls of the lowest merchants, pale, fragile urchins are used to perform the most back-breaking tasks for their idle masters.

CUT TO

103 ANOTHER ANGLE

ROBERT

(sadly)

So this is how the greatest city on earth treats its children.

CUT TO

104 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The CHILDREN walk through the oldest part of Paris where the streets have turned into alleys and the houses into huts.

They are being shadowed by the TAPDUR. It seems as though they have entered the exclusive domain of the urchins.

Gangs of pale STREET CHILDREN roam through the alleys in strange striking fashions.

-51-

104 ANOTHER ANGLE

The children stop to watch a performance.

Under a flickering torch set in a brick wall a sombre, WHITE-FACED BOY plays the viol while a boy and a girl (GIOVANNI and VIOLENTE) dressed in rags, dance a slow stately dance.

MICHEL, moved by the melancholy grace of the dancers, fingers the lining of his jacket and plucks a hidden coin from it.

When the MUSICIAN stops playing, Michel tosses his coin on the cobbles near the dancers' feet.

CUT TO

105 C. D. VIOLENTE

A brief smile flickers across her pale delicate face. Her eyes are made up and a single tear drop is painted on her cheek.

CUT TO

106 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The CHILDREN travel on with the sound of the viol haunting them from behind.

ROBERT

There is nothing for us here but misery and sadness.

Robert helps BLANCHE into the saddle and swings in front of her. Gdo watches the urchins around him.

OOO

I wonder why they are so pale.

BLOWDEL

Perhaps even the sun favours the mighty.

BAPTISTE, a small boy, no more than ten, walks toward them and brushes past Robert's stirrups.

When Robert glances down, he realizes that the boy has stolen one of his gold spurs.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

Blanche hangs on to Robert as he chases Baptiste on PASHA through the maze-like alleys.

The others try to keep up with them.

With Robert hard on his heels, Baptiste stops by a metal plate sunk into the street and frantically raps on it with his knuckles. Instantly the plate is pushed up from below.

Robert leaps out of the saddle too late to prevent Baptiste from slipping into the manhole, but just in time to prevent him from closing it behind him.

He peers down into the darkness, listening to two sets of quickly descending footsteps.

The others catch up with them as Robert ties up Pasha and snatches a flaming torch from the brace set in a crumbling wall.

With the torch in his hand, Robert lowers himself into the manhole.

The Children follow him into the darkness with drawn daggers.

CUT TO

107 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

107

By the light of the torch the CHILDREN make their way down a set of worn steps deep into the earth, until Paris lies hundreds of feet above them.

Finally the steps level off and they enter an ancient underground city.

CUT TO

INT. CITY OF ORPHANS - NIGHT

108

The city is illuminated by the soft flickering light of dozens of torches. It's a Carolingian ruin. (The Carolingian period ran from 751 to 987 and is named after the dynasty's most famous ruler, Charlemagne.)

Stunned, the CHILDREN enter this shadow city under the crumbled victory arch and wander past caved-in buildings and half-standing walls.

(CONTINUED)

S/A15

-53-

108 CONTINUED:

108

Suddenly TWO BOYS dressed in red, their faces painted like demons, leap in their way and spit fire at them.

The Children are momentarily blinded by the flash of the flames, but when they regain their sight the boys have disappeared.

BLONDEL

(Mutter)

Mother of God.

(he crosses himself)

What was that?

ROBERT moves cautiously ahead while his friends follow. Suddenly there is a high-pitched screaming as out of the darkness above their heads, swoop figures in white.

The Children duck and cower as the wailing figures disappear. Before they can catch their breath, there is a sound of shuffling feet.

The children turn to the direction of the sound and gasp with fear.

A GIANT shuffles towards them over the shadowy street. He wears a cloak that reaches ten feet down to the ground. Suddenly, the giant stumbles and sprawls in the street.

His body seems to fly apart as FIVE BOYS appear from under the cloak and run away while exchanging accusations and punches.

CUT TO

109 ANOTHER ANGLE

109

MICHEL, relieved, grins.

MICHEL

They're just boys.

With ROBERT in the lead, they continue.

Suddenly, a cross bolt slams into the rotted wood of the door next to him. He freezes and snaps his head in the direction from where the bolt came.

CUT TO

S/A16



THE TOUGH, WHITE FACE OF A BOY staring at him over the sight of a primed crossbow. It is BERTRAM, the leader of the NIGHT FIGHTERS. Bertram wears an eye patch (a narrow black scarf), over his left eye and a second bolt is clenched between his teeth.

THE CHILDREN are quickly surrounded by six menacing boys (the NIGHT FIGHTERS) who point their crossbows at them. The Night Fighters are identically dressed in black tights, tunics with puffed out shoulders and an eye patch over the left eye.

Bertram snaps his fingers and beckons to the Children to follow him.

As they walk, they catch glimpses of white, staring FACES behind arched windows and small furtive SHADOWS darting between the rubble.

At the end of the street lies a ruined palace with crumbled columns and cracked marble steps leading to what is left of its once massive entrance.

The Children and the Night Fighters enter the palace.

CUT TO

111 INT. THE GREAT PALACE HALL - NIGHT

111

THE CHILDREN follow the NIGHT FIGHTERS into a somber semi-dark hall with a narrow arched roof like an early cathedral. Their footsteps echo over the checkerboard tile floor.

Great wooden statues of ancient, long-haired kings and heroes, their faces half rotted, glower down at them from their pedestals. It's as if they are walking through Valhalla. The palace is deathly silent except for a CLICKING SOUND.

In the middle of the hall, flanked by a pair of flickering candelabra, stands a decayed wooden throne of heroic proportions.

On the throne sits THE MAYOR - a grave dandy in a flea-bitten robe. He has the palest of complexions and his dark eyes squander with consumption as he coughs dryly into a piece of furred lace. With his other hand, he is shaking a pair of dice. It is this CLICKING SOUND that the children have heard. He is both young and old, ravaged yet beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

-55-

111

On either side of the Mayor stands his COURT.

His court is an allegory of the world above. SLEEK BOYS pose as proud nobles with ratty mantles draped over sleeveless tunics.

Others represent the clergy, in torn vestments. A BOY DRESSED AS A BISHOP with a blistered goldleaf staff, is playing dice with the Mayor.

In tattered trailing dresses, the GIRLS OF THE COURT echo the Great Ladies. They flutter like courtesans with fantastically made-up eyes and tear drops painted on their rouged cheeks.

None of the children are above sixteen except the Mayor. The older ones share his dry cough and all of them suffer from the same white complexion.

ROBERT and the Children stand waiting before the throne. The Bishop rolls the dice and loses. From underneath his vestment he takes a beautiful dagger and hands it hilt first to the Mayor.

The Mayor looks at the Children and rattles the dice. He coughs before speaking.

THE MAYOR
For orphans in Paris, Heaven
is below
and...

(pointing up)
... Well above and no one may
enter here unless they are
like us.

(he rolls the dice)
You have discovered the secret
City of Orphans, therefore
you must die.

ROBERT
Your secret is safe with us.
I came only to reclaim my gold
sour.

THE MAYOR
How do I know you're not in
league with Slavers? I would
like to believe you but I am
responsible for the lives of
all who dwell in the City of
Orphans.

(pause)

(CONTINUED)

ONE POCKET

DON CARPENTER

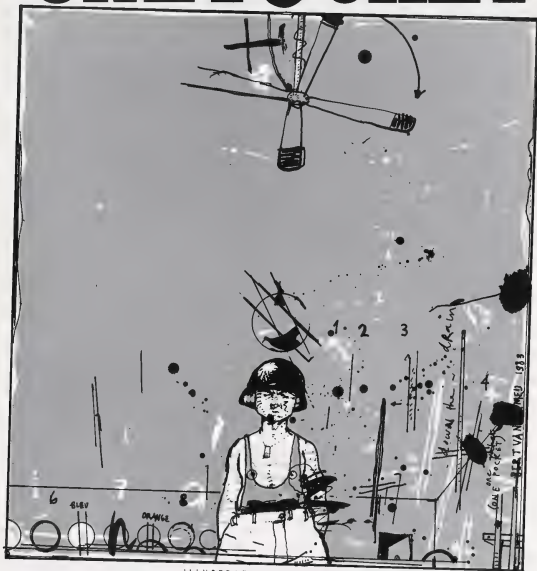


ILLUSTRATION BY BERT VAN DER MEUL

You can get hot playing pool. Shooting over your head, shooting the eyes out of their balls. The other players will tell you that you aren't that good and you aren't, but the balls fall into the pockets anyway and the crowd/act like you had it on a lark. This is the best of it. You don't have to work for anything, you don't even have to lose up the next shot. You're just in your zone and good your dues and now there it is, mastery of the art. None in the side. Top. Six cross-corner. Top. Four off the twelve side side. Click. Click. Game! Rank? None.

It can happen to anybody but it's

best when you've worked for it and know what it is, not blind luck, but exactly what everybody in the poolhall says it is, especially when it's happening to somebody else.

Unconscious

"He's us...ee sooooo!" is what they say. They roll their eyes, chalk their cues, realize their change hopefully and so down to wait, because they know they're not just playing like other players but also whenever force has taken over. I don't recall ever seeing two unconscious players head-to-head and I wonder if it ever happens. It

would be something to see and something to talk about.

You can be cold, too. When nothing works, the balls pool, up and roll funny, the pockets move slightly east or west, your cue is hot and your feet are cold and the cue is bent, and the instant you shoot you know you've missed. Nothing drops but the cueball. You might as well empty your pockets, you ain't going to win another thirty.

Back fever

Everybody has a theory, but nobody knows.

You'd think you would feel good counterintuitively good, if you were shooting like a master and all your poolhall buddies were string around watching, even better in a strange place surrounded by strangers, you've come into this town like a shot of penicillin, ready to cure everybody, and here you are, the best, and totally unconscious. It should feel great. After all, when you're loose and can't hit a ball in the six with a ball ballie, you feel nervous very shouldn't you feel like a king when you shoot like one? I don't know. It's a mystery.

It seems strange to me that learning how to knock little red balls into a pocket

is less a mechanical process than a spiritual one, but there you are.

I want to tell about three times when I got hot, and what it felt like

Once in Mobile, Alabama, on my first visit. I was stationed for several months in Mobile, just before the end of the fighting in Korea. I was transferred from Keesler AFB in Biloxi, Mississippi (*B'haxi Mississippi*), only about sixty miles west and I was disappointed. I had hoped to be sent back to California, or short of that, anyplace out of the heat and that terrible southern humidity. The humidity was so bad down there on the Gulf Coast that nearly every day around eleven a.m. it would rise to 100 percent and rain. This would cool things off for ten minutes or so, and then back to the smothering mirage. I hated it.

I had been sent to Biloxi to learn radio code. They wanted to make me into a radio operator and put me into an airplane and send me against the enemy. I did not want this. My mind was made for finer things than to be part of somebody's expendable communications network. Basically I saw myself in more of an advisory capacity, lending my insights to the war effort instead of crouching in a trench somewhere over Korea while the Code ran up my arm and out my ear. We marched to the flightline while a band played; we sat in huge hangars wearing old earphones and listened to DA DA DIT. DA DA DIDY DIT. DA DI DA DIT. DIT DIT DA for six hours and then marched back while a band played.

You worked in pencil until you got to six groups a minute, and then big Royal Standard typewriters. Six groups was crucial. If you couldn't get to six groups they washed you out and let you go someplace else, to be something else. There were rumors, of course, that anybody who washed out would spend the rest of his enlistment doing KP under machinegun guard on some lonesome SAC Base...

Yes, I washed out. I wrote down the letter W for everything that came over the earphones for a week. I complained of having a headache every day for a couple of weeks, and had to be taken to the dispensary in the back of an ambulance each time just to get my APCs. You could not leave code class except in an ambulance, they told us, to keep us intimidated and listening to those DAs and DITs. My headaches were real enough. Jesus, half the guys had them from the fucking code and the hot nights, but I was the only one in my particular group who actually complained enough to get the embarrassing but necessary ambulance run to the hospital, where I would be given two APCs by a psychiatrist and sent back to the barracks to pretend to sleep. Who could sleep in that heat? Anyway, finally after determining through a series of tests that I was not a good code conductor, I was placed on supernumerary status, made to pull night KP every other night, and after a while, reassigned to Mobile, Ala., right down the pike

I pulled a couple of paydays while I was a supernumerary. The first one I got into a barracks poker game, seven card high low split, two jokers in the deck, and won over a hundred dollars in about fifteen minutes. These dimwits did not know how to play high low split. Every one of them seemed to think he would end up with half the pot just for sticking around. I had been lucky and learned the game in my early teens, playing with a gang of Berkeley kids pot limit table stakes (these kid games were *important* once a pal and I went to St. Helena in the hottest part of the valley August and picked prunes on our knees among the dirt clods for three unholy days, making thirty dollars apiece and then thumbing back to Berkeley because we didn't want to tap our stake, and I lost it all, every penny, on the first hand) and so in this air force payday game I just stayed

quiet until I had a hand, and then came out like a madwoman flinging shit; I won and quit and headed for New Orleans, my first visit to the Queen City, and of course I met right up with a couple of titflashing, ballgroping B-girls who poisoned me with doctored champagne and sent me with my pockets hanging out to the hotel room I had the dim sense to pay for before entering the bar. I woke up with a sensational hangover, a Mickey Finn Memorial hangover, hitched back to Biloxi, getting there in time to pull twelve hours of night KP, surely the finest hangover cure ever invented

By the time I pulled the next payday I knew I was going to be assigned to Mobile, and so I put what money I had in the pocket of my civilian pants and hopped the eastbound bus. I was not looking for a pool game. I was looking for whores.

Biloxi, Mississippi, with forty thousand young air force men, had only one whore that I know of. There were rumors of another one, but I never saw her. The one I saw, the well-known, public whore, worked in the Erle Hotel, and I visited her with my Ivy-League friend, John. I remember her as being kind of plump and ordinary looking. My Ivy-League friend got whipsawed by guilt afterward and bored me to suffocation with the news of his betrayal of his body, Princeton, his family, his wife-to-be, his unborn children, etc&etc., and alternately what a great *lay* the hooker was and how he was going to get her out of that awful business, etc&etc

But never mind. The important thing is that I arrived in Mobile looking for new faces and only incidentally to scout out my new home town. I had learned by this time that one of the good ways to connect with a hooker was to jump into a cab and ask the driver. Not just walk up to the cab on the cheap, but jump in and let the driver make a buck. (Later I learned an even better way to find the action — just examine the OFF LIMITS roster posted on the bulletin board outside the Orderly Room — drugs, whores, gay bars, the works) But this time I got into a cab off Bienville Square, the driver a heavysset guy with a nice thick red cliche of a neck bulging up out of his Hawaiian shirt, and since it was only about two in the afternoon and I didn't want to end the trip before it started, I leaned back, lit a Pall Mall and airily asked,

"Where's the best poolhall in town?"

I remember the way the guy turned around to look at me. I don't like the kind of fellow who would want to know this information. He probably would have expected me to ask the location of the library, or the university extension center, or the local chapter of the Audubon society.

"Pool hall?"

"Yeah," I said

"What's your game?"

So he was a player himself. *What's your game?* I suppose if I had said, "Oh, I just want to knock them around for a while, maybe play some Stars and Stripes, Rotation, you know," he would have dropped me at the YMCA, overcharged me, and let it go at that.

It wasn't that I was intimidated by the driver. When I went into a strange town in those days I usually tried to find the best poolhall. That would be the place where I could sit down, relax, eat a decent hamburger, have a place to piss and make phone calls, without being thought of particularly as a stranger. There are no strangers in poolhalls, only potential victims. And in most sensible towns, the local Brahmins won't hit on you unless they can see you play. If you take a table by yourself and shoot a few balls, you will slowly gather a certain amount of attention. And after a while, somebody will come over and

watch you, and after a few minutes of this, you'll be hit on. (I hadn't yet been to New York City, where just walking into some of the joints around 42nd Street they hit on you like moray eels even if you've just come in to make a phone call)

"What's your best game?" That's how they usually put it, variations for localism to one side. What's your best game? Some of the funny ones, like my friend Dick the Motorman from Portland and San Francisco, would say, "What's your road game?" — not so subtly hinting that you are so good at your game you take it on the road, winning fame and fortune in all the little crossroads towns.

Dick the Motorman. I first met him in a Portland poolhall called The Basement of the Morgan Building. I never heard it called anything else, although I'm sure it must have had a name. This was in 1961, well past the heyday of the Riato, Benn Fenne's and The Rathole, and all the relics from these three places could be found either in The Basement of the Morgan Building or across the Willamette River in an allnight bowling alley called Amato's, which had, in addition to the lanes, an allnight lunch counter and ten or twelve allnight pool and snooker tables.

Anyway, Dick the Motorman used to beat me regularly at snooker by making me spot him seven points. As soon as I would walk into the joint he would unfold his arms and lean off the empty table he was reserving for our contest, grin and come up to me. "Ready to win some money?" he would slyly suggest. "You're too good for me, Professor, but I just like to play... Maybe fifteen points?"

Somehow I always fell for the flattery, what the hell was I doing in there anyway, and over the next hour or so he would whip me out of three or four dollars plus the time.

There were giants in those days...

When I moved to San Francisco permanently in 1962 one of the things I looked forward to was hanging out in the big Market Street poolhalls, the Palace Billiards, or Corcoran's, both had managed to survive into the Sixties pretty much intact, big poolhalls where pool was taken seriously and where they had ivory billiard balls, green felt and old men with dark blue suits and grey hats playing their lives out over the polished old wood tables in the emerald light. The first face I saw after I walked up the double staircase into the Palace was that of Dick the Motorman, intently beating up a pinball machine. It seemed to me I had just left him (and the rest of the smalltime) in Portland.

When Dick saw me his eyes lit up.

I gave away five points, and over our snooker game he explained that one Sunday afternoon he and a friend had been going around Portland cashing bad checks in the big Fred Meyer stores, and by the eighth store they had been made somehow, and his partner never came out of the store, so Dick drove on down to San Francisco, 670 miles South. *poor Dick* He tried a couple of years to make it as a pool hustler, but time and entropy got to him and he ended up married and driving a trolley bus...pigeons like me don't fall out of the trees.

I got hot once at the Palace Billiards, playing nineball. This is a short form of rotation played mostly as a gambling game, the money on the nineball (sometimes also on the five). To the amateur eye the game looks like slop, but it isn't.

By this time in my life poolhalls were mostly in the past. It was about 1965 or 1966, and with a couple of friends who also liked to remember the good old days of boys and billiards I took a jaunt down to the Palace to shoot some nineball. We all played bar pool in Gino and Carlo's in North Beach, but bar pool is played on little dinky tables covered with knots and

beerstains, and once a ball drops it's down for good, and the cues are warped and knobby, rilly, you could do better with a baseball bat, so the three of us, full of drink and nostalgia, dropped down to the Palace to see which of us was the worst liar and the best player. I had written about poolhalls, and naturally some of my characters were terrific players, much better than I had ever been, but it put a nice edge on things: "Let's see how good you *really* are..."

Bob was a thickset blond guy, a housepainter who had played in all the old Portland poolhalls of my own youth, in fact we hung around with the same gang of kids, the Broadway Gang, but at different times. Bob and I were about a dead match at bar pool, and when we played partners we were very dangerous. I remember leaving Gino and Carlo's one plastered night with eighteen undrunk bottles of Millers on the bar, fruit of victory from a nighlong partnership with Bobby. But we hadn't played heads up and we were not really sure which would have the edge. (When Bob was fifteen years old he and another kid committed some daring crime involving guns, and full of the heat of victory went to Sicel's and bought a lot of flashy clothes, put the clothes on and with guns and money in their teenage pockets went to the best restaurant in Portland, even then the London Bar & Grille of the Benson Hotel. I can see them in their one-button rolls, wine-colored shirts and black knit ties as the sommelier pours a bit of wine into Bobby's partner's glass, and Bobby's partner, intimidated by the restaurant and the sommelier more than he would have been by a squad of cops armed with tommyguns, looked at the bit of wine in his glass and snarled at the innocent sommelier: "Fill it up, motherfucker!")

Bobby left Portland much the same as Dick the Motorman. But with certain differences. Bobby was working for the local version of the Outfit, and so was the police officer who typed up the various warrants to be issued by the Department. When the copy ran across a friendly name, he would call the fellow and give him a sporting chance: "Bobby, we got a warrant for your arrest, dated today, charge of check forging..." Bobby emigrated to California, where he was wafted into the penal system by a similar offense. Makes you wonder

The third player was a former street ape named Lew, with a shady past including not only all the poolhall bum hangabout stuff but also some years in the advertising game and even more years as a poet. We talked a lot of Pool and Poker, but had never played on real tables together. So when the three of us found ourselves together and properly halfdrunk, it was most natural that we try to find out who was bullshitting about having been great as a kid. We couldn't play straight pool, which would have been the real test, because straight pool is a two-handed game, so we settled on nineball. Ten cents on the nine, no fiveball action. Just a sporting match

Nobody was watching our game. The local hustlers were not in attendance. Just the three of us in a dim corner of the Palace, drinking beer and shooting nineball. I don't understand what happened, the one, Bobby, who was used to beating me at *everything* — massacring me at chess without knowing the names of any of the gambits, teaching me gin and whacking me out of at least ten dollars every time we would play, and dominoes, Sweet Jesus...

Lew, poor Lew, he had never seen me play anything but barpool, Lew, whose ghost I saw in the no name bar in Sausalito either the day before or the day after he climbed into the Sierra to become a buzzard, saw him walk into the crowded happy hour saloon and looked away so he wouldn't see me because I was already sick of his self-pity and the tears that would run down his face at the least provocation, who

reused my book on blood sugar as a prop in the front like an assistant. "These are the epigrams for the scenarios on certain pages of the book—Love, Lew," and covertly I watched his real persona disappear in the direction of the toilet and out of my life forever. A ghost because the logos were wrong for him to have been there at that time, and sure, it could have been somebody else who resembled me of Lew just when Lew was about to disappear into the Serna.

But then there is contradictory evidence of a sort—I wasn't the only one to see Lew's ghost. A deputy stood up near where he had been living were he saw Lew after, standing in line at the bank. But there was no transience in his face. Somehow the idea of a ghost standing in line at a bank, shuffling from one foot to the other, is in a way a more terrifying prospect of the future than all the rattled chaos and shreds you could manifest... money had always been a bad problem in this life. Money, money, where can I make some quick money, I'm sick of holding down another motherfucker's job, how can I make me some fast dough?."

In all modesty, I don't think the ghost came in the name bar looking for me. This was Lew's favorite bar, and maybe the ghost had come to take out long lost pen in the coat of repose. I don't know. Ghost stories.

I was twenty-five games of baseball at a row. Betty couldn't hit shit. Lew couldn't hit shit. For me it was an absence of effort. Nothing I did was wrong, everything turned out for the best. I would stand in the hand and pocket the nine. Twenty-five games in a row, Victory Unconquered. Five dollars to the good. I sprung for the beers, but there was a discomfort between the three of us for the rest of the evening, and perhaps on one life had maybe deathly because we all knew the truth.

I'm not that good?

Nobody's that good

Q How did it feel? How did you feel when you were shaking the eyes out of them balls? How did a feel when the friends you admired and savored their criminality and their poverty, leaned gleefully against the other tables and watched you clean house?

A I have never learned humility

Q Yes, but how did you FEEL?

A Actually, I wished they would make an occasional payroll. It was embarrassing. Betty would get up and shoot, see, he would knock in the one, two, three, four, lady hit on the seven, man hit the five. Lew would have an easy shot in the corner, the rest of the balls open and waiting. Lew would kick the five, six, eight. The nine would be table in the pocket, a hopeless couple, ten cents worth of built fever. I would chalk up a try, a apologetic moment of blue, step forward, apart from my glances, knock my face into a flower. I needed to keep my glasses between my eyeballs and the game, shoot, they, twenty cents please, RACK!"

THAT'S how I felt

Q I would break the balls with, four would drop, the rest lying on the green like Christmas presents. They, shoot, shoot, shoot, twenty cents please. You practice all your life and the fruit falls into your lap.

Q How did your friends take it?

A Well, they did not exactly call for a reputation. They would think after hearing a man brag for years about what a hotshot poolplayer he is, you would be pleased to witness such outrageous celebration, but instead they snarled, bored, embarrassed and waiting the evening would end

As a matter of fact, none of us ever mentioned a game. Like seeing a ghost.

When the cab driver asked me what my game was, I could have said I played a table baseball, which would have topped him off that I was at least that far in. I could have said Andy, I play all games, but sometimes somebody will ask you a question which takes you by surprise, and without thinking, you reply with a truth you didn't know was in you:

"One pocket," I said. I'm sure that until that moment and even beyond into the future, I didn't know that my game really was one pocket.

We must have been at a stop sign, because I can still remember the cabster turning his head and looking back at me, his eyes and ears again suffering a moment of amnesia. I did not look like a fellow who would ever know that the game of one pocket existed.

"One pocket?"

"Why, do you play?"

"Yeah, I play pool, but I don't play one pocket."

His retort popped me open like a cheap suitcase.

"Yeah, I play one pocket, straight pool, bank pool, cribbage golf, baseball, basketball, soccer, three star."

One thing to make clear right away: I didn't think that coming from a big city like Portland was going to give me any advantage over the local talent—the bragging just came out of my mouth like the rest of the art, spit and effluvia, part of my normal repulsive cycle. I was still a teenage punk when I learned the primal fact of pool—that every crooked-hamlet bar in the city and backwaters—Winnemucca, California, Elkhart, Falls, Oregon—you name it, you can run into people who have never been put the city limits and don't know how good they are, old duffers who can run any good balls in a row and think everybody can if they'd only try.

I didn't know what to expect in this Mobile, Alabama pebble where the hope that I would not be as bored and sick with anxiety here in Mobile as I had been in Boise, where they played only rotation and eightball in the service clubs, and on the two becomers tables at the little bar under the little hotel the hunk was no obvious as to be practically audible, guys with custom Hollywood haircuts and sailboat-horned shirts, guys who have chatted up so many times and wanted up to seduce that they have a dark blue fly of waste between the fingers of their forward hand, guys who had memorized the lamps on the table and the racks in the balls and who would follow you out into the steamy Gulf night and beat your skill in to take back the sixty cents you might have backed into I did not play pool in Boise.

Boise?

Forty thousand seven and one hooker? The population of the lower couldn't have been more than ten thousand, counting blacks, and there was damn little racial mixing in 1952. Most of the white folks in Boise were busy rapping off the air force kids on payday and each other during the run of the month. I only got into town when I had money and I only had money around payday, and if I had any real money I would head for the belltops of the Queen City. But there were plenty of blacks in Boise. I ate my first piece pie in Boise, my mouth assaulted while by League Kids greened at me, he overheard and upstart from the west, and told me about his Princeton literary ambitions, to write little stories about nothing happening and publish them in the New Yorker and not have to go to work for the Scott Paper company like his old man.

Every once in awhile we would join the swarms on the sandy hot streets of night Boise, forty thousand young athletes and one hooker, or we would crowd into one of the bars, the Four Queens or the

union Mark, and while the forty thousand young voices would babble and scream and yell, John would teach me to drink Ballantine's Scotch and attempt to explain to me about honor and manners and civility and God, any one of which he would rather die than do without, and I would try to explain to him how I managed to live without these comforts. John was dumbfounded and delighted that I did not know how to cut a steak, and in fact did not much care for thick red steak. The goddamn things was always stepping off my plate when I tried to go over them. For John seventh heaven began with a sugar followed by a big red Noddy steak, for me that was just a case of candy and gristle. (Gristle, yeah, I have always hated gristle—in me at that time every formal occasion of my life seemed to have been marked by a mouthful of unwanted and basically nauseating gristle—where to deposit it? Others did not seem to mind, other places did not have small mean plates of discarded gristle on them—perhaps the cuffs of my pants.)

There were nine restaurants on the beat, eight for the students and one for the Permanent Party Personnel, and you flashed your Class A Personal and you flashed your Class A Personal and you got into your assigned meal, whose number would be stamped across the face of the pass along with your name in regard to liquor (NONE, no sugar). On night KP John and I John, son, was a fugitive from the code, but they kept sending him back, no matter what scheme he thought up—the best one was application to become an Officer—they would keep you right off the lightness for that size, if you could pass the two-hour test—I passed it in twenty minutes and John in even less, to no avail in both cases, as a turned out discovered that PPP MESSAGE, whose number would be stamped every Tuesday, and so we would fish for games with thumbs held firmly over the number, and eat them that, hardened starchy duffiness as force sticks, which were the enough to eliminate the gristle problem, while our supernatural companions were working their way through reddish horseman's edged with thick pale fat. John did not think his honor had been impinged upon by the deception, he only registered that the sticks were thin instead of thick.

I loved those thin hardened sticks, and I loved the chicken first sticks that John pretended to despise.

"What's the matter, watch, watch."

I would say at John looked frowning down at his as-scream (my heaped with the battered meat).

"My God, what an awful thing to do to perfectly good meat," he would say. He would lose his appetite and stare off into the middle distance while I garted down mah meat. Once poor John had taken a stand against chicken first sticks he couldn't allow himself to enjoy them.

I know what he was thinking about, as he stared off through the cheap PPP screen and the smeared windows overlooking the dark ducts of our beds, the same problems there I was thinking about during the long hot nights and the sultry jangled barbers afterwards. How can I get off this day to day and back into human life, preferably somewhere where the standard uniforms don't melt into shapeless canvas rearing into five minutes, some place where the trucks of DDT don't spray the insects every night leaving the whole stinking of dead bugs and chemistry, some mythical land where everyone just gang day day did under their brows, somehow where you have a third choice between marriage and singleness, order or chaos, damn ANY GODDAMN PLACE BUT HERE where the unmovable screen from the soul as you lay in your bunk with your hands up in the air to keep them from trading one of the floor where ran the tropical cockroaches of Missouri, bag hand tough boys with more

Money under their wings than stacked well over us, and the following morning smelly night animals who were your fellow assassin.

John told me he thought I had great courage taking the ambulance and the snipers every day to beat the code, but he couldn't do it himself. Not that it was unusual. He was just afraid of the way everyone would look at him—just exactly the way he saw them look at me as I checked out with my ten a.m. migraine. But then John was saved by his acceptance into an OCS class, and we had our days and half our night free to scheme and dream of escape. How John actually got off the base (later of waiting superannuation the three months could be OCS class began, at which time John planned to have an attack of madness to disguise himself—anything to keep from actually becoming an officer) was by lucky accident. John was playing in a rough, raw, vicious Sunday game of touch football, John quarterbacking one side, when a member of the opposing team sailed John and stamped on his thumb. John gave a little scream, his face did white, and his ground again after jumping up to show that he wasn't hurt. I ran to him. The bone was sticking out through the flesh, his thumb was really mangled.

John grinned up at me as we went for the ambulance, grinning widely without losing from the pain. "Goodman, you have to transfer me now! I've beaten the code."

I would him at the base hospital a few days, until he got the doctors transferring him to Texas somewhere. He was glad I borrowed thirty dollars and saw him no more.

I think about John sometimes, wonder if he beat the Scott Paper Company. I don't think he ever made the New Yorker's list of contributors, but John was an ethical young man, and he probably did what the family wanted him to do, personal happiness to the contrary notwithstanding, a career writing act, marriage, Princeton master for the rest of his conversational life. I hope not, but he was an awfully upright guy.

To learn the code you had to sit it come into your ears and travel out through your fingertips without listening. If you listened you were too slow and got behind. The best code operative could take down a message and not know what it was about. He would have to do it to know what it was about.

I listened. Even though it was never very interesting, I listened.

I went back to Boise only once, my pocket full of money and my hand full of the dream of wealth—there was an open poker game in the back room of a main drag beer parlor—I had seen the good of boy players through a crack in the door and heard about the powerful cable stakes put in late game, and I wanted to be a with my Berkeley schoolboy years.

John was long gone by then and there was nobody else in Boise I wanted to say hello to. The streets were still overrun by forty thousand or force clubs, forty thousand sheep and a handful of wolves. I suspected that there was still at least one hooker, although I didn't call on her.

I got in the game, all right, and was interested quickly, the house cutting the pots and dealing pots only in the local shills. Never played against a shill, for they do not give a fuck. My one pleasure in the game was to surrender one of the shells and make an eyebrow go up, but I didn't improve my situation (Or maybe it was an honest game. I used to develop conspiracy theories as I lost.) Broken like a piggy bank, I lost to beatback back to Boise, was kicked up by a black man who was neither dirty, queer, nor hostile. This was my last visit to Boise.

Q Must brag a bit now. The one

positive thing I did in Missouri during my first year (aside from taking that fucking ambulance every day) was to prevent a group of literary-minded women, spearheaded by my League Sister, from picking themselves into a car and driving March to pay a visit to William Faulkner. I kept saying, "Look at it from Faulkner's point of view -- hell, comes the car full of pants who want to talk about viewpoint and objective correlates." I still feel good about aborting that particular USAF mission.

One pocket is the master's game. To win at one pocket you have to combine the talents of straight pool, snooker and three rail billiards. For long black stretches of time you must exercise your nose, quiver, your personality, your reading and ingenuity, your acuity has to be light, your emotions calm, your brain unclouded by thoughts. You can't get in tune with the balls if your heart's exploding with hope of glamoire, your can't make the corbae excuse if you're thinking about the row of celebrities, and there's no way to heaven through the ceiling house. You get to be impeccable, or the other fellow will go through you like a dose of salts.

(Chris was old Zerk Tracy's live back in Ben Fenn's when I was a kid cutting high school in Portland and spending my time learning the game. Zerk was a small man, a housepainter, rugged, a couple days' worth of growth on his forehead, and the old duck could really shoot snooker, drink or sober, and he pronounced it the Benah way, snooker. Black drank, when pressed to be too drunk, rugged over the years, always sporting the lids several points, and then when the match had become mad, dramatically strengthening up, "Noooooo!" I'd go through you like a dose of salts. And he would, too, and pocket the fifty shots and start to where again. Zerk Tracy talked like he had half a Kaiser in his mouth. "Noooooo!")

Each player has a corner pocket, and so, too, all you have to do is get the right of the fifteen balls laid out in your pocket. That's it. The simplest rules for the best game. Naturally, that is not the essence of the game. The essence is ugly. Ninety percent of your shots are not to sink a ball in your pocket, but to put the cueball where your opponent will have a shot. To snooker him. To make it tough on him, so that when his shots, you will be left in the game. Naturally, his hope and dream is the same. A one pocket game can go on for hours. You can get ninety minutes out of shooting a guy. You can get up to seven and snooker back down to two and still win the game. A run of three balls in your three pocket can arouse the crowd to roars and whistles, your opponent thumping his cue in unconscious praise, or you could shoot a safety to right, so roven, so calculated to mess up your opponent's life and snooker him in front of your own home crowd that players will come over from other tables just to see the predators and make a dollar.

You could play one pocket all afternoon for two dollars and the sharper make hundreds off you in addition.

One pocket. The game for people better than kings.

I lived to play one pocket because I knew it was the best, know it was the only pocket game the billiard players respected. But it was never good at it. I was always top minutes. I had one pocket dreams but a rotation nervous system I kept experimenting with dangerous proper shots, leg breaks, intricate combination shots, hopeful mantes, my chest full of indignance and awareness of life outside the game. A pool worker named Tony in Portland used to give me eight to five, meaning I would only have to work five balls in my home pocket, and he, and he beat me consistently 8-2, 8-1, 8-4. These were intense

well paid for, even though I never had the fun of winning. Tony was teaching me the stroke, the style of the game, the pace, and collecting a five dollar bill every twenty minutes or so. Fifty bets, one ball at the Model Hotel. That's what I paid per game to learn one pocket.

So a one pocket player has to have nerves of Kryptonite, be meaner than a whoreson, and play pool like a combination of Willie Mosconi and UNO. Gerd I was an asshole to tell that long-a-go AlphaBeta caddy that one pocket was my game, my real game. He could have been taking me to a meeting with Albinus Shrike, the best one pocket player in the world, for all I knew. And then what a conman's show I'd be, forking and snoring from Ben Fenn. If the sweat had not already been running down it would have begun then, as I sat in the back of the taxi riding toward *heredon*, expensive, defeat and certain -- and I was just transferring it.

Later I got hit in Brooklyn AFB, no. Mobile home back. The Service Club in Brooklyn was the domain of the base blacks who did not feel like hanging out in the colored part of town, but when you're broke you're broke, on I spent a lot of time there, showing clubhouse and three rail billiards and playing in whatever pay pool or backgammon I could find. I refused to shoot pay pool crap on the billiard table in the Service Club because I've never been able to win at that. I don't know why. It's probably genetic, my crapshooting muscles might be damaged.

The best poolplayer on the base was a black A-2C named Chris, who was tall and lean and mean, with a couple of his finest teeth missing, making him look even meaner. He would put his foot force bridge in his pocket, not just because he didn't like the feel of it in his mouth but because he knew how frustrating he could look when he rolled back his lips. Chris was ugly. He had a lot of blacked acne scars on his cheeks. His voice was deep and nasal. Chris was usually in a dark in the Motor Pool, and he didn't usually see him except in the Service Club, where we came up against each other on the pool table and the billiard table. Chris had long shaggy arms and legs and big denture hands. Beggers helps in pool as in most everything else -- there were no unscrupulous tips on the table -- he could reach anything, bridge over balls, smash, everything. It was a pleasure to watch him play if you were a sponsor or a partner. It was not pleasant playing against him. Chris talked all the time, he was shouting and all the time you were shooting, too. If you shouted him he would proceed to go crazy, running at you, waving his cutstick, gapping his mouth, spitting all over you as he summoned insults and threats.

Chris beat me consistently at pool, even on quiet Sunday mornings when the regular line-up of hopefuls were still asleep in the barracks and Chris and I would be the first centers. Both of us like to get there early, while the coffee was still fresh and the tables still clean. At that hour of the morning we could play straight pool, and for once he would not yell at me, but simply smile his change, leave the room and suddenly reappear, drink his beer, ready or any of the other routine tricks (my favorite was the muffed snooker, as if I knew he was making some kind of subtle mistake but it was too poetic to actually commit). Chris was several points better than me over a fifty game count, and so he was doubly mystified that he couldn't touch me playing three rail billiards.

Chris claimed that it was the first billiard table he'd ever seen. Me and another white guy, he claimed, were the first people who had ever used the table for anything but the pay pool crap game, and he allowed me to teach him the rudiments of three cushion billiards. He picked the game up fast -- far too fast, but he could never

quite catch me. In a fifteen-point game I would beat him by five or six balls. This pissed him off. He would lose out of all my money, sometimes amounting to as much as three dollars on a given evening, and then I would challenge him to fifteen in front of people. We both played to the gutter, so he would have to lose back the three dollars and then start threatening me about how dark it was outside and how far away my barracks.

One payday I was wandering down the corridor in the barracks with my fifty dollars in my pocket, wondering how to spend it, when Chris materialized out of his woodwork. Chris and I were both dressed for town -- black shirts and jeans, chain pews and colorful armbands.

"Hey, paydoy," he said. "Dish dah dish."

"Guess I'll head for town," I said, trying to edge my way around him.

He looked down at me ferociously. "I ain't got but fifty dollars," he said. "Not enough to dish on Saturday night. (He did not mean "dish the money" -- he meant turn himself into a Saturday night photoelectric display -- flesh.)"

"Me, too," I said.

"You just got fifty dollars?" Rich white boy? King of the gardeners? Three-cushion shooter: learn the Coast!"

"Aa, heck."

"Let's gamble!"

People were edging around us, heading east and west on payday mornings, the general feeling of Grand Central Station, eagerness to get out of here manifesting in the organs.

I wanted to get out of there, too.

"Gimme," I asked.

"Think up. One of us got a hundred bucks, the other one gets right to three-square-ten-a-day. When you say, 'Honest?'"

The billiard table, I explained with care, was really just a set in a crap table. I would just play head-up pool with him because it would be like giving the money away, so what could we do?

Chris pulled a lamp and greeny pool of cards out of his hip pocket. "We play poker, right here on top of a foolmaker."

At Brooklyn the foolmakers were on dark but box stands, elevated enough so that Chris and I could get to either side of one and start up playing cards. We got into position. I felt uneasy. I didn't want to win or lose. I just didn't want to play.

"Jesus's wife for sure, straight and flashes," Chris said. "First Jack death." He dealt me the first Jack.

"Five card stud," I said, shuffling my peculiar way.

"Dollar ante," Chris said, glowering down at his hole card. He threw a spot dollar bill down onto the blue foolmaker play. My dollar followed.

I dealt him a five up, and myself a King.

"Where'd you learn that shiver card?" he shouted across me. "But the fucking cards!"

I bet me fucking cards.

A game like this would have attracted watchers on any day but payday. I was hoping that maybe even an *affor* would come along, although the waltz's officer country, and even as both for gambling. I did not want to gamble. I wanted to take my fifty dollars to town. I now realized, god damn, went a beautiful girl, face, but a pizza pie at the Monopoli Restaurant and talk about art and literature with my friends from the University Extension. I did not want to lose the money as he feared down in a ditch. I told Chris that today he seemed to be in a fever of need. Who knows what kind of pressure was on him?

"Five raise a dollar," he said. "I called I won."

I was one of the hands. I didn't matter who dealt. I didn't matter if we played stud or draw. He would propose I would propose. He would raise, I would call. He would have a mutual snooker, I would draw a blank. His pile of money went down and down and down, mine went up, up, up.

"Shit! Fuck the outside game!"

"I agree," I said. "You are having a spell of bad luck."

"Fuck! Let's play *heredon*!"

I smuck a look at my clock. I could probably just catch the eleven o'clock bus to town. Looking at Blackback had always been easy for me.

"Just for awhile," I said. "Then if you get even, is what I mean." "Oh a date in town, heavy date, huh huh."

"First Jack death," he said.

"You deal," I said. It would be faster that way. "I hate to deal," was my explanation.

He looked at me with deep suspicion.

"I lost when I dealt," I said.

"Okay," he said. He shuffled and dealt.

I won all the money but every hand, but damned sure. Chris was silent now, looking out the crib with his leg, beautiful long brown fingers, darning with dexterity, as more attempts at *heredon*, *heredon*, no more betting, just two guys snooking right in the now almost empty barracks, as the small white one took all the money from the big black one.

Finally, the last deal. I was afraid Chris might just go jawless, since me to keep playing, but he didn't. He looked one long last look at his payday, say my payday, and muttered, "Have a good time in town," and moved off broken on his history.

The poolhall was unattended and immediately both the caddy driver and I popped out in quickening sweat. If I had been thinking I would have been glad for the moment, because it spared us the action of the balls. A hand deck shows three down, and so far my experience in the Deep South had been with mysteriously slow, nightmarish poolgames, with grooves, snags, wobbles all part of the progress. Now I had stepped as if by magic from the blurring swarms of Mobile into a chilling dark room with white and those the foreboding extended light, the chiding, the low murmurous voices of the detached players of a major poolroom, a poolroom where pool was played, where horribleness and agonies and mudsuck halves were not left as the real white faces drew a bead on the payoff, where people did not feel free to comment on your stroke as you were shooting.

As! There were rows of rused benches along the walls, and on the benches, the usual nagars, the silent, the banisters, the *snookpays* and *snookpays*. I had never seen any of them before but I recognized them all. The deep green felt on the tables was not ripped and torn, not horizontal or bihorizontal -- these tables were *riped* and *brake* between games, I could see through the darkness see the ruckies with his short leather apron, the pair of brushes tucked in like match, it could see the *whedens* of cues, all straight in geometry, the electric glow lighter on the counter and the glorified clerk at the cash register in a quiet conversation with a fellow leaning on the pretrial machine and fingering one of the punchboards. I could see a pack of packaged sandwiches and a jar of pickled eggs. Signs posted a business years ago reassured me: "NO DRINKING ON THESE PREMISES!"

"NO SWEARING," "ABSOLUTELY NO GAMBLING," "DO NOT WHISTLE!" The last one, of course, taken very seriously. There is nothing more infuriating than having some dark dude while you are trying to play Attention?

There was a battered, misshapen door with the word MEN in large white faded letters, but no other door marked WOMEN, and from behind the door marked MEN I could hear the muffled sound of some suburban gentleman clearing his lungs in long, drawn-out sobbing hitches without any address to them — the same guy hawking his life away in the toilet of every poolhall in America, but it is never sex.

There were windows facing the street but years of dirt, dirt, and blue chalk varnish dots black with age, cut the blurring daylight to a swam darkness, and the only illumination in the room came from the one gasneek lamp over the cash register and the square-shaped glass triple fluorescer over the pooltable. If no one was playing, of course the table lights would be turned out, so that the place would reduce itself to the cone of light from that one gasneek lamp over the cash register, but when the taxi driver and I came in, there were a few games in progress — look, a billiard table, with two old men in blue suits and grey hairs, click, click, by God they were playing *hooker*, the playing surface crosshatched with straight beehive-like chalk lines, look, snooker tables, pristine, the rails rounded and ready, fifteen rails held in by the darkwood rails, six colored balls on top of the rails, with a couple of chalks and a cueball, by golly, I stood over in the snooker table, the nearest table to the door, and peered up the cueball, glowing, that translucent glow of the Red Dash cueball Red Duquesne! *Isis* das?

This was a major poolhall.

The kind of poolhall they don't have anymore in towns like Mobile. Instead they have Billiard Parlors where you can get a milkshake and chase a game of snooker with a college girl. There is a big window in front so the police can see that there is NO GAMBLING, NO SPLITTING ON THE FLOOR, NO DRUGS THIS MEANS YOU, and the tables are every color but green.

This was a poolhall, modestly, where a good deal of one pocket was probably played. I found the Number One table. It all major poolhalls have a Number One table, it is for the Number One players. It is a pool table, the leveliest, springiest, smoothest table, with a cover of Number One or Number Two billiard cloth, which is an difference from the average basic pool table top as silk is from polyester. A couple of men were playing a quiet game of straight pool on Number One, keeping most of the wooden features away from where above the table, and all the others were watching low game. Nobody was watching the two old men in blue suits who grey hairs playing billiard ballers, and nobody was watching the young man with curly hair who was practicing back shots all by himself on a pool table in the back of the room.

But everybody looked up when my cash driver, who got out of the cab and opened the door for me, took his face and a new tip and said, "Well, I want to see this!" and held open the poolroom door for me to walk, gave me a minute to orient myself to the darkness, the cold, the sweat dripping out on my skin, and then said with a nice warmth and no hostility whatsoever on the room at large, "There's a fellow wants to play some one pocket."

Every face turned to look at me.

Even as a punk I knew the myth of Alabama Shorty. Alabama Shorty is the best one pocket player in the world. All the old men talked about him. Alabama Shorty is so good that nobody will play him, and

he has to resort to tricks and diguises just to get to a game. Alabama Shorty is no hustler — a hustler is a guy who steers balls to get you in deep and then works you over. Hustlers drive innocent victims with guile and skill. Alabama Shorty, like all Zen masters, is forced into mystery, like all plays says his best and he never lets galle after the game was begun.

Seeing the gem of a poolhall in the middle of the Deep Gulf South Alabama, practically sealed under all odds, trading Spanish Moss, and seeing the upturned faces of everybody in the joint made me think, but only for a flashing split instant, that this was the home court of ALABAMA SHORTY, and that soon he would come out of the toilet, leaving for the moment stunned his mortality, like Doc Holiday, to get me down *Red Dash*. Nobody asked a money man if Alabama Shorty *Knight* again?

But me. The figure that drifted out of the toilet was just another old guy with red eyes and spittle on his cheek.

But by then I was challenging up.

The young man in the back of the room, the fellow with the curly hair, striped shirt with the sleeves rolled up, the tan pants, the leader shoes with the heels walked down in a rapid edge, came up to me and asked in a polite, Southern voice, "Would you like to play?"

"I don't know," maybe.

"One pocket," fifty cents?

Well fifty cents. Five little beers I could afford really.

I went to the wall racks looking for a nice off cue stick with an ivory handle. There were half a dozen of them, all straight as a chalkline with ivory curved-for-leather button tips. I picked one from the rack, sped down to straighten up and turned back to find that the number one table had been evacuated by its players, and the rack man was racking the balls under the supervision of my opponent.

I felt a thrill. It was always thrilling to play on the best table.

A salesman came in the door with his sample case and burst into a torrent of sweat. The man back of the counter and in a low polite voice, "One Pocket."

The salesman sat on one of the high stools, stowed his case under his legs and took out a white handkerchief, slowly wiping his face and sneezing looks over at me.

Who was it? He was probably wondering.

I was very careful to chalk my cue by rubbing the chalk against the leather instead of rolling the stick against a goddamn college boy. In the room, playing with the game, I wanted to at least appear to know what I was doing. I could feel no performance pressure, I was in no danger, there weren't any North-South shots going on, it was simply that a stranger carrying a stained-off shotgun, had walked into the room and asked after Mr. Wynn Earp. This was all.

We flipped for break, I lost and broke with a good safe break, with the cue ball entering back and almost hitting to the rubber rail. Everyone in the room approved of the shot by their silent attention. Inside, I felt empty, the richness of being empty of emotion, ideas, everything. I was not knowing anything because there was nothing to move. I was not afraid because there was nothing to fear. I was so eager tempted to show off because this people would understand.

We in that room were in harmony.

In one pocket you rack the balls, you don't shoot them around. Indifference is the right direction. My opponent shot a good, safe, knocking a ball to the rail and after contact, as the rules demand in all pool games from straight pool up, and left the cueball resting among the others. A bad lay

for me, an easy lay to fuck up. I went off the side rail and into the pocket and into the rail rail, the cueball ending up on his side of the pocket and across his rail. But one of the object balls dropped off the rack toward the end rail, leaving him a gobshut bank shot that was all the better for him because even if he didn't make it, he would probably leave me safe, and if he did make it, he'd be in a position to make another clean shot at his pocket.

He missed the bank shot by the hair of a coat, and left me a gobshut bankshot.

The cueball was closer to the rail than the object ball, so that if I went for the bankshot my cueball would move into the pack, breaking loose other balls on his side of the table. I walked around the table, squatted and squatted, shuffled up again, moved back into position and bent over. The cue felt good in my hand. I shot the bank with high English and good stroke, but too hard, and the object ball hit the rail and straightened out on the cue ball, so the cueball rebounded gently through the lower end of the pack and got safely in my opponent's cushion without leaving him a shot. But a damn's matter because I had made the bank, already moving around the table along up the lay before the object ball had fallen into my pocket and gurgled down the undercarriage of the table and dropped into the wicker basket.

One egg in the nest.

Now, with a couple of balls loose from the pack I had my choice of a ball close to the end rail that I could go for and pull my cueball back against his rail for safety, but if I shot the shot too hard my object ball might cross into his territory and the cueball might move on toward the center of the table and leave him wide open.

Or, I had an object ball nearer the pack than I could get to, and I wasn't through up. But I wouldn't really know anything would be after the shot — too many balls loose and running around. I went for the ball nearest the rail — the other player — sank it, drew back the cueball so that I still had another shot, but with a little better angle on it. I could shoot medium force and draw the cueball a little and hope that a couple more balls would drop down off the now much looser pack, or I could follow high right English, good stroke, and come up in the middle of the table, with a probable three balls loose and easy.

That was what I did, and the object ball fell into my pocket, but the cueball hit one of the others and instead of coming back and giving me a shot, went around the pack and almost fell into my pocket. The pack was tight again, and the only two loose balls were on the other side of the pack, where I couldn't hit them.

Sweet. Sweet. Sweet. Sweet.

The pack was tight enough for me to fit the cueball into it with holding English, drawing an object ball into the end rail and back into the pack, leaving him with the problem of getting out of the safety without drawing the balls over to my side of the table and eventually making things easier for me, but as I looked at the pack to see where best to hit for this safety, I saw that if I hit one of the balls on this end directly on the right-hand rail, the force would drive through two other balls from together and into a third ball that would then, because of its flared position, strike another ball and then drop into my pocket. That was an ideal frozen combination, if I had planned the energy properly, and a stupid gobshut shot that would make the pack completely off I hadn't.

I walked around the table, looking at the lay of the balls from every possible angle, not staring at the combination, just looking at it, while something inside me made up its mind.

It looked good. It looked very good, especially since I could put a little draw on

the cueball and expect it to come back to the rail up near his side pocket. The choice was between a shot that might have been another snooker and might also have been Grade-A pool, and an ordinary conservative down-the-middle safety.

I went for the combination, lighting carefully through my gloves, finding right down to my fingertips that the shot would work.

I fired.

The object ball floated itself from the pack and drifted into my pocket. The cueball drew back and came off the rail a few inches below the side pocket. I had one straight in, follow and come up on my own side rail. The ball fell, the position was right. I took off a ball frozen to my side rail and was in position for two more, drew back on the first and the second put me in the middle of the table with choice of safety or a long green gobshut. I gobshut, the balls drew and snooker down the trough. I walked around and look into the basket.

Nine balls in the basket. I counted them again.

Six on the table, plus cueball. I counted them again.

I had run out and one over.

I looked around. The faces were white blues in the darkness. Nobody said anything.

I had run nine balls in one pocket.

I had won the game.

A silver ball dangle gleamed on the rail, where my opponent had left it, I don't know where.

"Back," he said quietly. He looked at me. "You want to play another?"

"No," I said. I put my cuestick back in the wallrack. I said to the cabdriver, "Let's go."

As I was leaving the poolroom, the door held open for me by the stained but polite cash driver, the blast of his outside air slapping my face, somebody should have called out:

"Say, Mister, just who are you?"

Then I could have turned, swinging every gaze by my glance.

"Je suis Alabama Shorty."

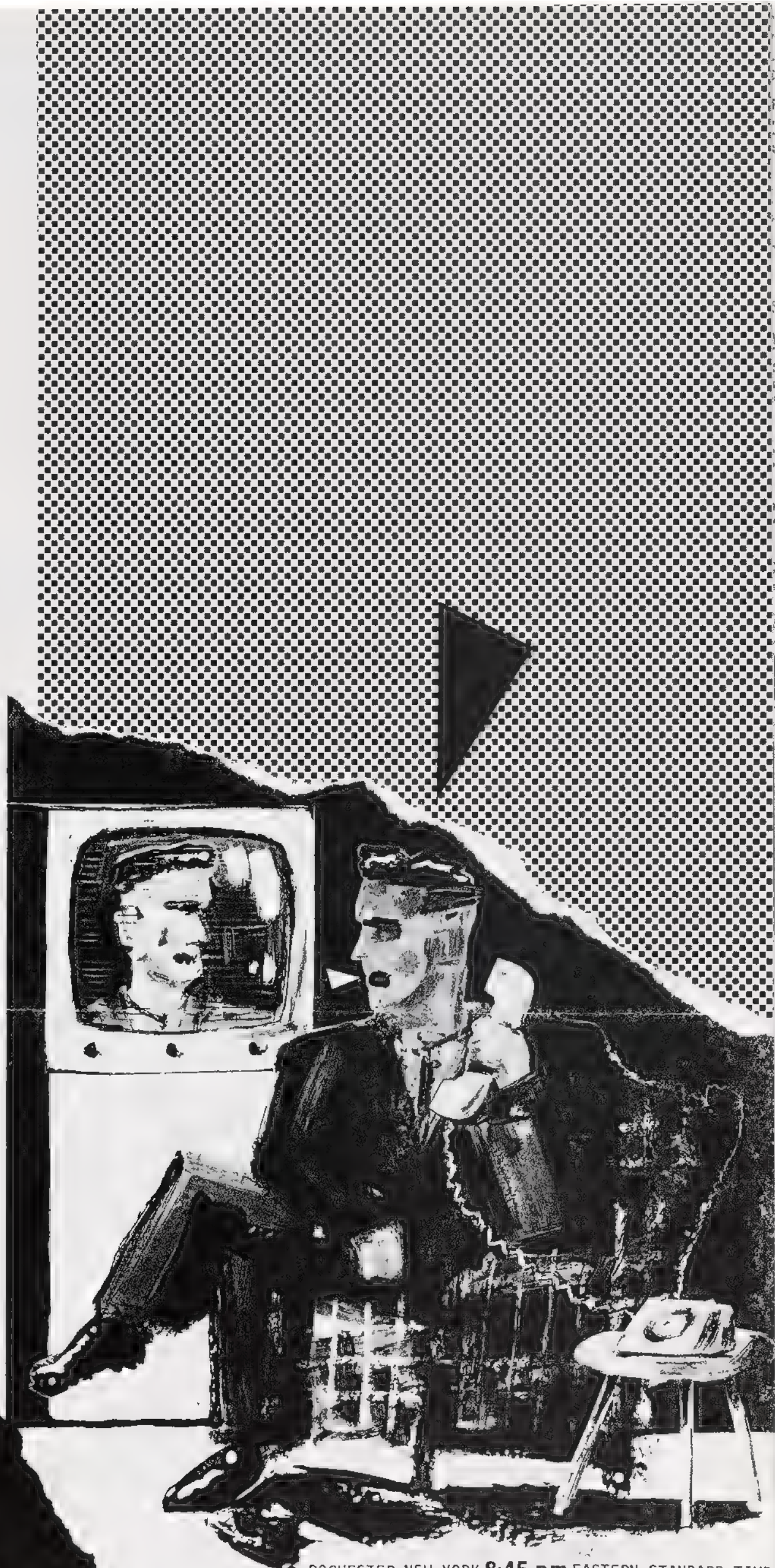
I never went back. I never saw that poorcreeper again, never looked for it, never regretted it for a moment. You're only Alabama Shorty once, and maybe not that often.

END

DON CARPENTER

"I produce performances and installations that take place in many countries at the same time. Using telecommunications as the glue for the productions. I connect my background in suburban America (Levittown, PA. -We had the world's first shopping center and the world's largest car dealer), with the way I live now in Amsterdam, San Francisco and other cities. I like to tear down the distance problems, make cute but important statements about the dynamics of international culture and claim the globe as my neighborhood. I'd love to do my next project in the Space Shuttle."

TOM KLINKOWSTEIN



ROCHESTER NEW YORK 8:45 pm EASTERN STANDARD TIME



A UNIQUE EXPERIMENTAL ART PERFORMANCE USING TELECOPIERS TOOK PLACE BETWEEN ROCHESTER, N.Y., USA, AND ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND, DURING THE "DESIGNER AND THE TECHNOLOGY EXPLOSION" CONFERENCE AT THE ROCHESTER INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, MAY 12 - 14, 1982.

TOM KLINKOWSTEIN IN ROCHESTER, WHO CONCEIVED THE PERFORMANCE, AND RUUD VAN EMPEL IN ROTTERDAM, PRODUCED A SEVEN PRINT FACSIMILE SERIES SIMULTANEOUSLY IN BOTH COUNTRIES USING TELECOPIERS AND AN INTERNATIONAL TELEPHONE CONNECTION. THE TITLE OF THE PERFORMANCE WAS "HOW WE COMMUNICATE" AND HAD AS ITS THEME AN OBSERVATION BY MR. KLINKOWSTEIN THAT AMERICANS AND DUTCH PEOPLE USE DIFFERENT MEDIA TO COMMUNICATE THEIR PERSONAL LIFESTYLE AND IMAGE TO THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THEIR RESPECTIVE SOCIETIES. ACCORDING TO MR. KLINKOWSTEIN, AMERICANS USE AUTOMOBILES, ADVERTISING AND TELEVISION AND THE DUTCH USE PERSONAL FASHION, PUBLIC SIGN SYSTEMS AND CAFES TO COMMUNICATE THESE MESSAGES AMONGST THEMSELVES. THE SEVEN FACSIMILES PRODUCED DURING THE PERFORMANCE CONTAINED PHOTOS, ILLUSTRATIONS AND DUTCH AND ENGLISH TEXT.

TOM KLINKOWSTEIN

ROCHESTER NEW YORK 8:45

Facsimile 1



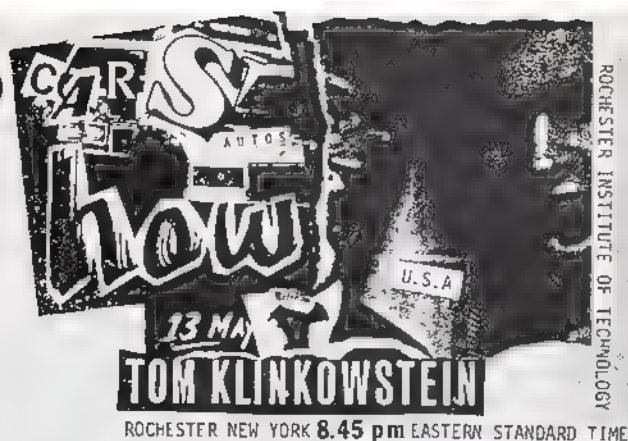
ROCHESTER NEW YORK 8:45 pm EASTERN STANDARD TIME



AMSTERDAM 2:45 am CENTRAL EUROPEAN TIME

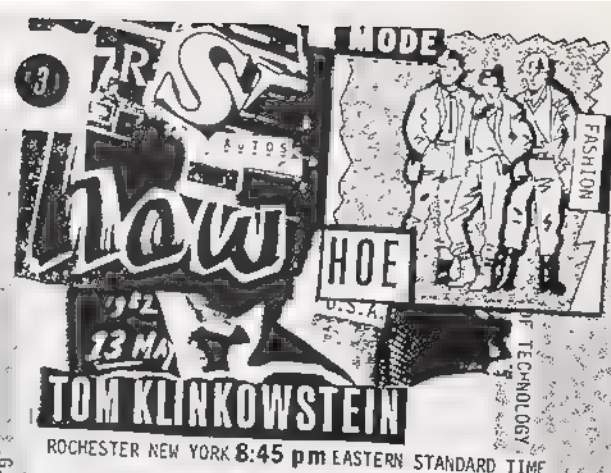
HOW WE COMMUNICATE

Facsimile 2



14 MAY 1982 **RUUD VAN EMPEL**
AMSTERDAM 2:45 am CENTRAL EUROPEAN TIME

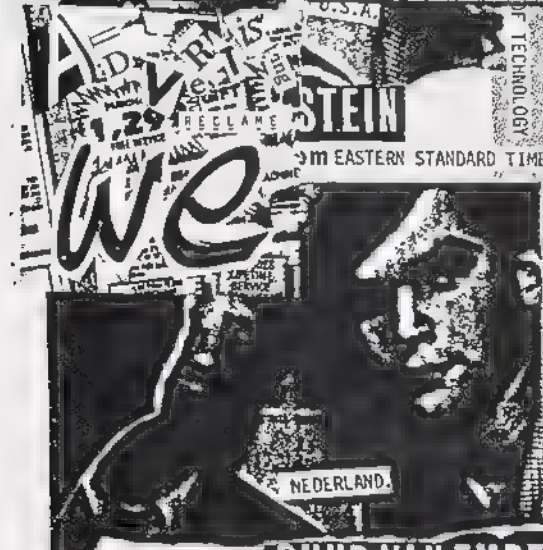
G.V.N. GRAFISCH VORMGEVERS NEDERLAND
DUTCH DESIGN ASSOCIATION.



14 MAY 1982 **RUUD VAN EMPEL**
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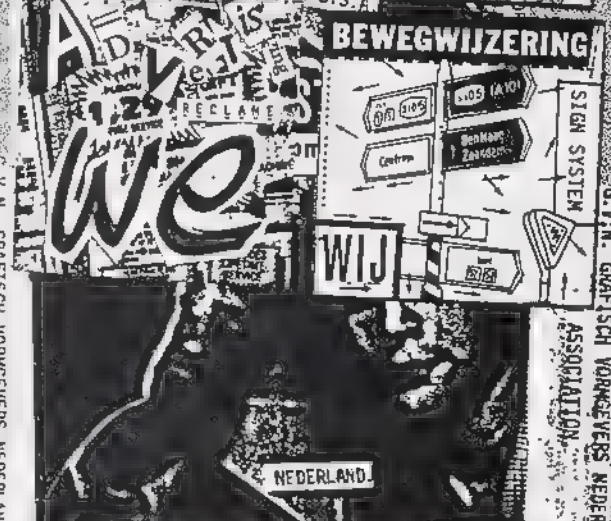
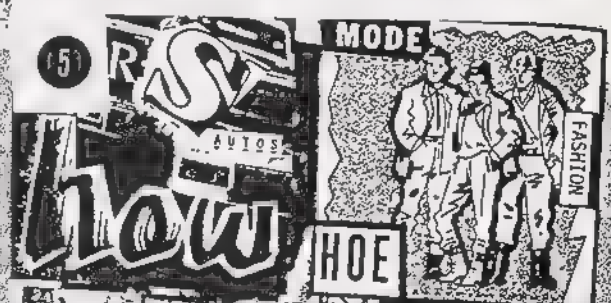
G.V.N. GRAFISCH VORMGEVERS NEDERLAND
DUTCH DESIGN ASSOCIATION.

Facsimile 4



14 MAY 1982 **RUUD VAN EMPEL**
AMSTERDAM 2:45 am CENTRAL EUROPEAN TIME

G.V.N. GRAFISCH VORMGEVERS NEDERLAND
DUTCH DESIGN ASSOCIATION.



14 MAY 1982 **RUUD VAN EMPEL**
AMSTERDAM 2:45 am CENTRAL EUROPEAN TIME

G.V.N. GRAFISCH VORMGEVERS NEDERLAND
DUTCH DESIGN ASSOCIATION.

Facsimile 6



AMSTERDAM 2:45 am CENTRAL EUROPEAN TIME



AMSTERDAM 2:45 am CENTRAL EUROPEAN TIME

G.V.N. GRAFISCH VORMGEVERS NEDERLAND
DUTCH DESIGN ASSOCIATION.

POETRY

BY MARC SUSAN

On a cold and rainy morning in the fall of 1979, I visited an American writer named Scott Millin in his apartment behind the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam. He came from Connecticut, spoke Dutch fluently, and was 28 years old. Scott had offered me his assistance in translating a few of my poems from Dutch into English. They were to be published in a bilingual magazine for which he was co-editor and translator.

After quickly clearing a corner of the breakfast table, he handed me a mug of strong coffee and we sat down in the freezing kitchen to do the task. Reading through the first poem, *Con Amore*, set on the Côte d'Azur, we took off for the South of France. We walked along the breezy boulevards and the combed beaches of Cannes, Nice and Jean-les-Pins. We dressed up as men of leisure in light summer clothes, adapting our pace to that of dandies and flamboyant Italian divas.

Meanwhile we discussed whether we were *strutting* or *strutting*, whether we were going to pause at *tea houses* or *tea rooms*, and what we would eat on a balmy day like this. We agreed that we should have something cold and colorful in a huge glass, preferably with exquisite cookies elegantly arranged on top. After consulting the menu I set my mind on a *Bombe Glacée*. But Scott objected that my choice would be unfair to American readers. "They have less chance to be familiar with the names of French ice creams than the Dutch do", he argued, but I was reluctant to give in. Our dispute was interrupted by the waiter, who discreetly recommended that we have a *Bombe* for the Dutch version, and a *Grand Parfait* for the English one. And so we did.



Handtekening van de auteur
Signature de l'auteur



(Dutch) • • • (English)



Con Amore

Ode to you
The boulevard-stroller
Bluebeard of the sea
Strutting along
Spotless sands
From tea-room
To tea-room
From Dame Blanche
To Grand Parfait

.....

Con Amore

Ode aan jou
De boulevardier
Blauwbaard van de zee
Flanerend langs
Smetteloze stranden
Van theehuis naar theehuis
Van Dame Blanche
Naar Bombe Glacée

(Dutch) : (English)

1



Venetie - Amsterdam CS

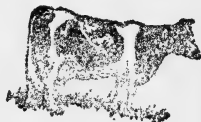
O Venezia
Crema Vaniglia
Sole d'Oro
Palazzo Non Finito

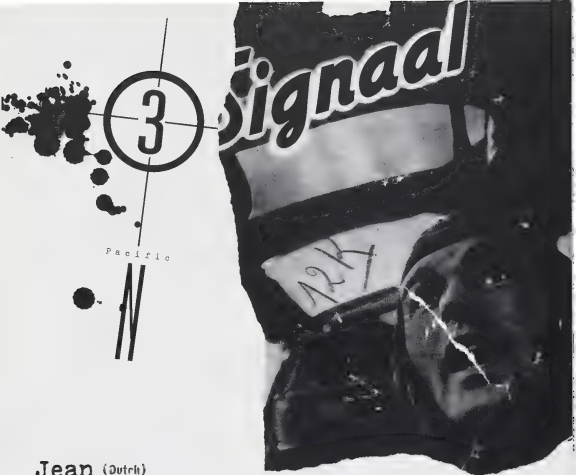
Sono un'Olandese
Helaas:
Bei uns ist alles Käse

Venice - Amsterdam CS

O Venice
Vanilla Cream
Golden Sun
Unfinished Palace

I'm a Dutchman
Alas:
In our country
It's all cheese





Jean (Dutch)

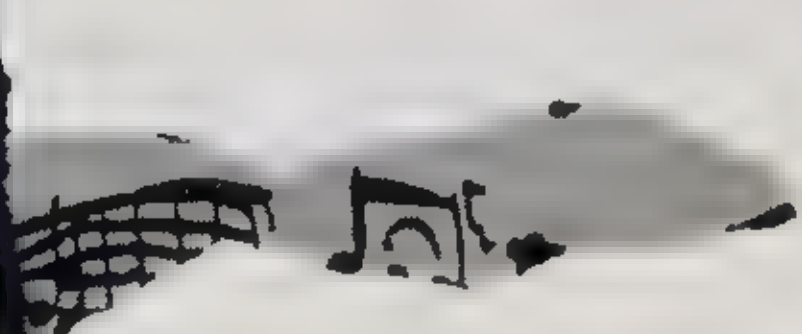
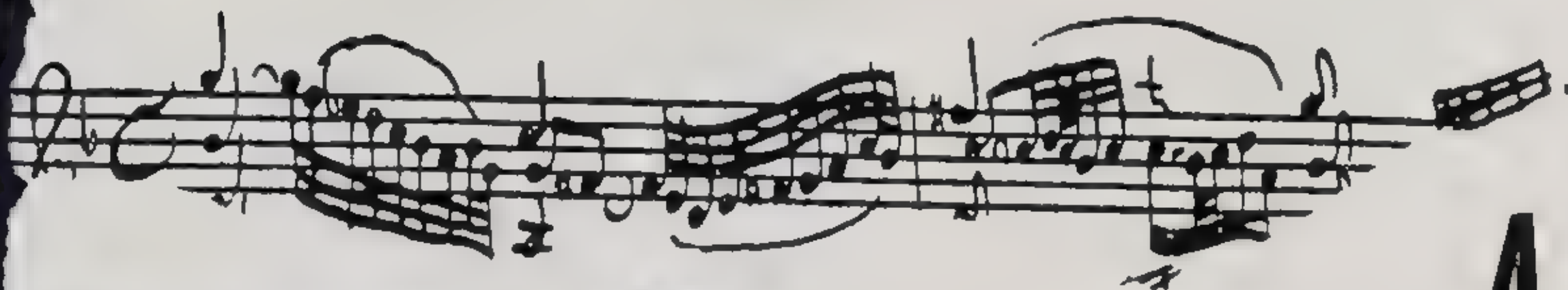
Gods zegen voor de Spitfire,
'n Laatste diepe adem vol water,
Piloot in zijn mousserende cockpit,
Ach Jean, liefste, - Pacific !

Jean (English)

God's blessing for the Spitfire,
A last deep breath of water,
Pilot in his effervescent cockpit,
Ah Jean, sweetheart, - Pacific !

Banneling in Genève

Elke dag feest na feest
En altijd muziek -
'n Trieste begaafdheid,
Madame, helaas...
Maar om in exile te zijn !
O, 't meer van Genève,
Mon Dieu !



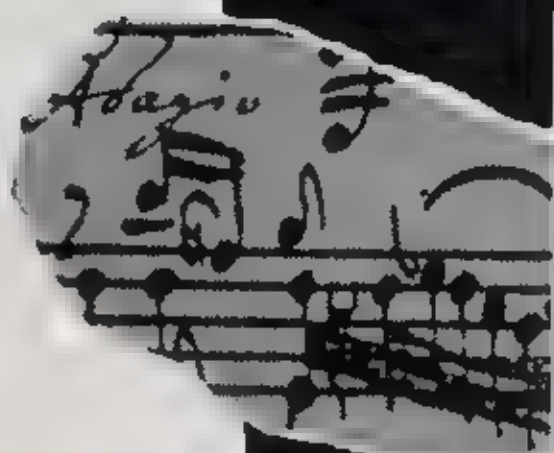
.....
Sonata G^{ma}.a

4



Exile in Geneva

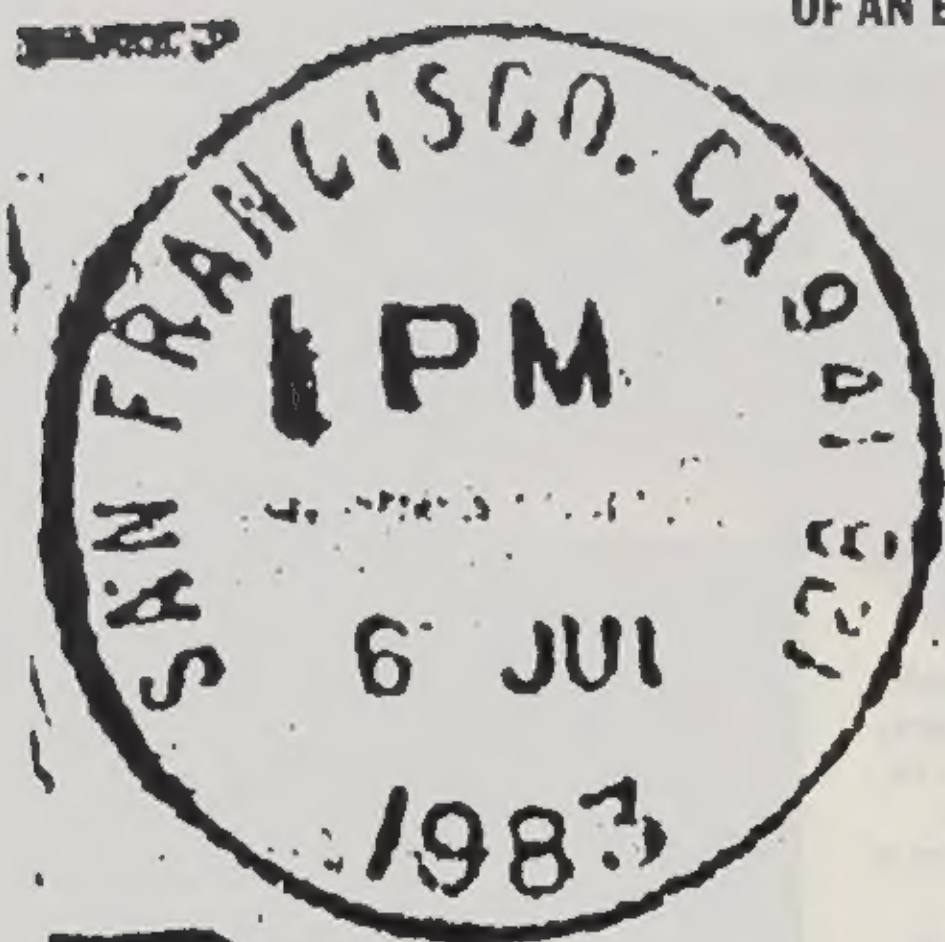
Every day party after party
And always music -
A sad giftedness,
Madam, alas...
But to be in exile !
O, the Lake of Geneva,
Mon Dieu !



PASSING THOUGHTS

OF AN EXPATRIATE PHILOSOPHER

HANS SLUGA



A shaking, shuddering earth woke me up. It was almost two o'clock in the morning and I had been in the middle of a dream. Suddenly wide awake, I felt the house trembling all around me. No doubt, a San Francisco earthquake. Soon it was clear that this was not the quake we are waiting for, the quake that is destined to change our lives—if we survive it. It was merely a little warning, a reminder of other and greater shakes to come.

Sometimes I wonder where I will be when the hour strikes. Will it be on a freeway swaying high above the Bay on cables that are quickly unravelling? Walking down Montgomery Street, suddenly showered with broken glass from the groaning highrises all about? Driving around the cliffs at Devil's Slide with the hillside toppling into the open sea? At Fisherman's Wharf facing the tidal wave that sweeps in, or buried under the bricks in Chinatown?

We are living here on the edge of uncertainty as well as on the edge of the Western world. How easy it is to forget all that on a busy day. There was a time when I thought a lot about Martin Luther's saying: even if I knew that the world would end tomorrow, I would still plant my little apple tree today. Then I was thinking about nuclear war (just like today), that other and more global uncertainty. I was thinking of planting my apple tree as a wager against the uncertainty of war. Or even better: I was thinking of planting it because there might be no time to plant it tomorrow. I knew then that the planting itself was what mattered, not just the reaping of the apples. The important point was to have made a beginning and let the end be what it may.

6 a.m.

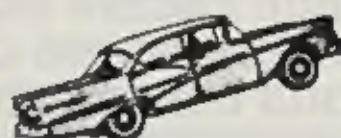
Suddenly the dreams fade away, leached out by the gray light of morning. The old electric clock (alarm no longer working) shows five past six. High time to get to my books and papers. Outside a cold damp dishrag of a sky, like almost every day in August.

Now, surrounded by sleepers in their last sleep of the night, I hurry to get to work. This work whose aim is so uncertain: trying to be philosopher (not something to which most people can attach much significance today). But here I find myself sifting through words, testing the ground of my thoughts, probing through layers of idle beliefs to find deep rock. This is the task that I have set myself so often and set myself again in this lead gray morning hour.

There is something mysterious about beginnings. Something that has long bewildered the human mind. How, indeed, can anything begin? The ancient myths are full of tales of beginning. "In the beginning God created heaven and earth." And the first philosophers speak of water, chaos and air as the beginning of things. Why should the human mind in those first and earliest efforts grope for something so remote and difficult to understand? Is it because our present state seems incomprehensible as long as the origin of things is hidden from view?

Every time I begin my day's work I wonder about those beginnings. For each day's work is itself a beginning and each day I am faced with the question of how to begin. But each day I also recognize that every beginning takes place in what is already a middle; each beginning is a resumption of something that goes further back in time.

Before this day there was another day and before that one yet another. In the gray of this morning the past is only dimly perceived and disappears somewhere in the middle distance. If the end of our efforts is hidden from view, so is the beginning. We operate in that middle space between darkness and darkness, that space we know as the present moment, this remembered life.



BEING IN PLACES : An Unconstructed

Narrative. Write out. Into the world. Savage innocence thwarts my expectations. Which were naive. Cut on the thumb. Bus noise beyond the window. Each sound less separate than it would like to be. Whose intention --

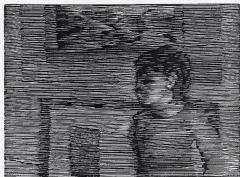
NOT COMING IN; THEY STAY AWAY. NESTING in THEIR HOMES. SET UP THRONES. PRIVILEGE IS AVAILABLE. COMMODITY. NOT LUXE, BUT LUXURY. RAPID. STATIC. UNREWARDING. Why hold still. Shoved across the room by misery. No, annul. Held down. That was worth having. But never worn. Seizure. Pleasure. Fragmentary measure. Blown into the season with occult natural forces. Vocabulary the atmosphere. Syntax coting out into a climate. Meteorological probability. Impossible. Glued into the closet, desire sticks in the throat, unable to digest. Refuse to acknowledge the change. In this political year. Tired of speech...

BODY HEAT -- Sensation Starved.

Craving Traffic Fights the Air. Speed as Desire, A Weak Imperative. Newspapers open to the sun. We catch rays. Movement across a place strikes the passersby, lining the benches in early morning. Sweeping seconds, pulling daytime along with them. Crowd the space between horizon and horizon. More things. More is thought. Stimulating change.

How Incidental Is The Immediate. Full. Replete. Needing to be drawn. Into relation. The clock, beside the Bed, Behind the Blanket emits heat. The corner of the rug. As art. Appreciation.

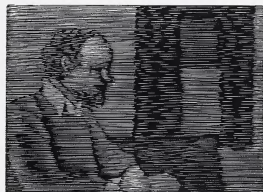
Today's fix. Daily, a habit, not routine, but familiar Beyond. Belief. No faith necessary. The inscription functions; Operates. Bound to the decision process. This is. Immune, the Body fields itself for discipline. As if waiting could produce some other; Other, as a field, the imagined context we project - Construct - EXist in - Inside of - The main connection is a fibrous membrane -- not fractal-like at all; Inadequate.



BEING IN PLACES : Begun in Heat & Terminated with a Blow to Viscera

Organs. Grind against the skin. Withheld from their geography the visitors screamed for their guide and none of us were able to restrain them from the consequences of their own enthusiasm. That was in the daytime. Night light was a whole different story. Plugged into the wall, or pouring down, through the uncurtained panes. Big difference. One was safe, intimate, close, interior, the other a public experience, working its way across the skyline With broad strokes.

CHANGE OF SCALE. THE APPROPRIATE HOUR FOR ARRIVAL DICTATES THE LOCATION. COULD WE HAVE GOTTEN THERE, ON TIME. AS NOW WHEN THE MIRROR FACING DOUBLES THE EXISTING SPACE, BUT CONTAINS IT. GUARDED AGAINST ENTRY. FRAGMENTS OF ONGOING CONVERSATION, DISPERSED THROUGH THE SPACE. MAKING BOUNDARIES. I AM PRESENT IN THIS DESCRIPTION. INEVITABLY.



Particulars Disappear In The Field, Contribute to its Texture

NO OTHER FIELD BEYOND THAT, AND THE HEAT REAL HEAT OF ALCOHOL AND TEMPERATURE IS IT A ROMANCE THE RESISTANCE, THE RESTRAINT DEEP BASE GEOMETRIC BRASS TABLE STAND, ANCHOR THE REFERENCE IN SPECIFICS NO EXCESS OF DETAIL EVER APPROACHES THE REAL THROUGH THE TEXT NOT APPREHENDED IN THIS SEQUENTIAL CATALOGUE IS THE MOST APPARENT, THE GESTALT OF THE WHOLE WHICH BREAKS DOWN BEFORE THE LINEAR SEQUENCE OF DESCRIPTION IN LANGUAGE A GARAGE TURNED INTO A FAMILY ROOM WHOSE HISTORY DOES THAT BELONG TO MORE THAN GENERAL, GENERIC KNOW WHERE THE BATHROOM IS THIS SPACE CONTAINS OTHERS NOT BY IMPLICATION BUT AS REVELATIONS METONYMY THE APE OF SEDUCTION, SLOW UNFOLDING OF THE WITHHELD

MUSIC PENETRATES: SENTIMENT IN THE WAVES POLLUTES THE SKIN SINKING IN, & SOOTHES

Waste products of attention, a form of undue notice. Feminising sent her back to the pond, to the slick surface on which reflections studied their relation to her without the interference of wind. The moon rose, and took us back through that urban landscape, dense and full of its own available, unhelped for, aesthetic, along the highwire lines of unrepentant activity. What was left but to watch the faultline spreading its adjustments across the sliding shelf and lean against the pane. A fix. Sensation. Reluctant to speak, rather

BITE INTO AIR -- DISPLACING SPACE

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